

Dek Unu Magazine

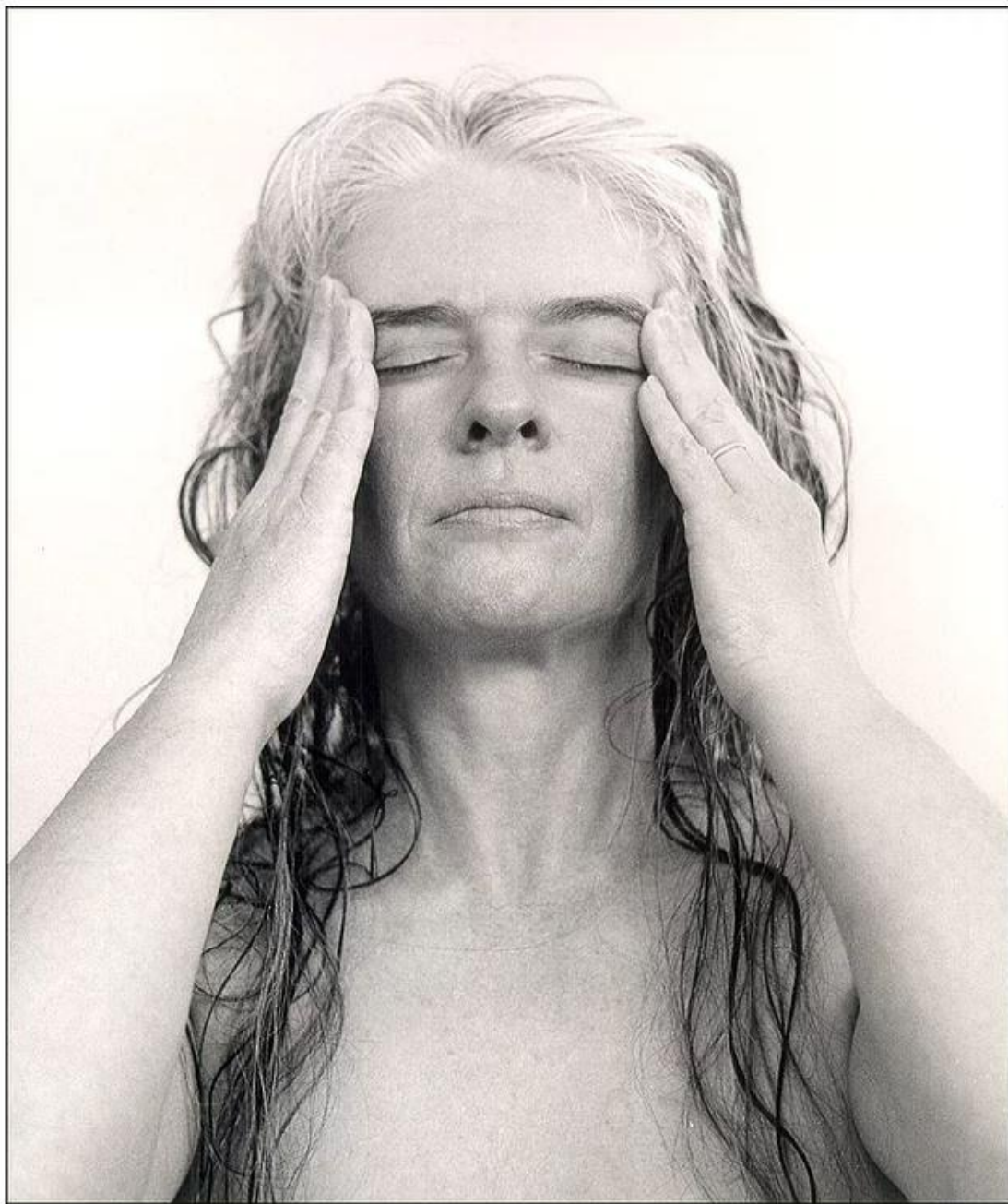
Solo Exhibitions of Fine
Photoart Portfolios

December, 2017

Featured Artist
John Mahoney

"Portraits"

Cover Image: *Jane*
© John Mahoney



Dek Unu Magazine

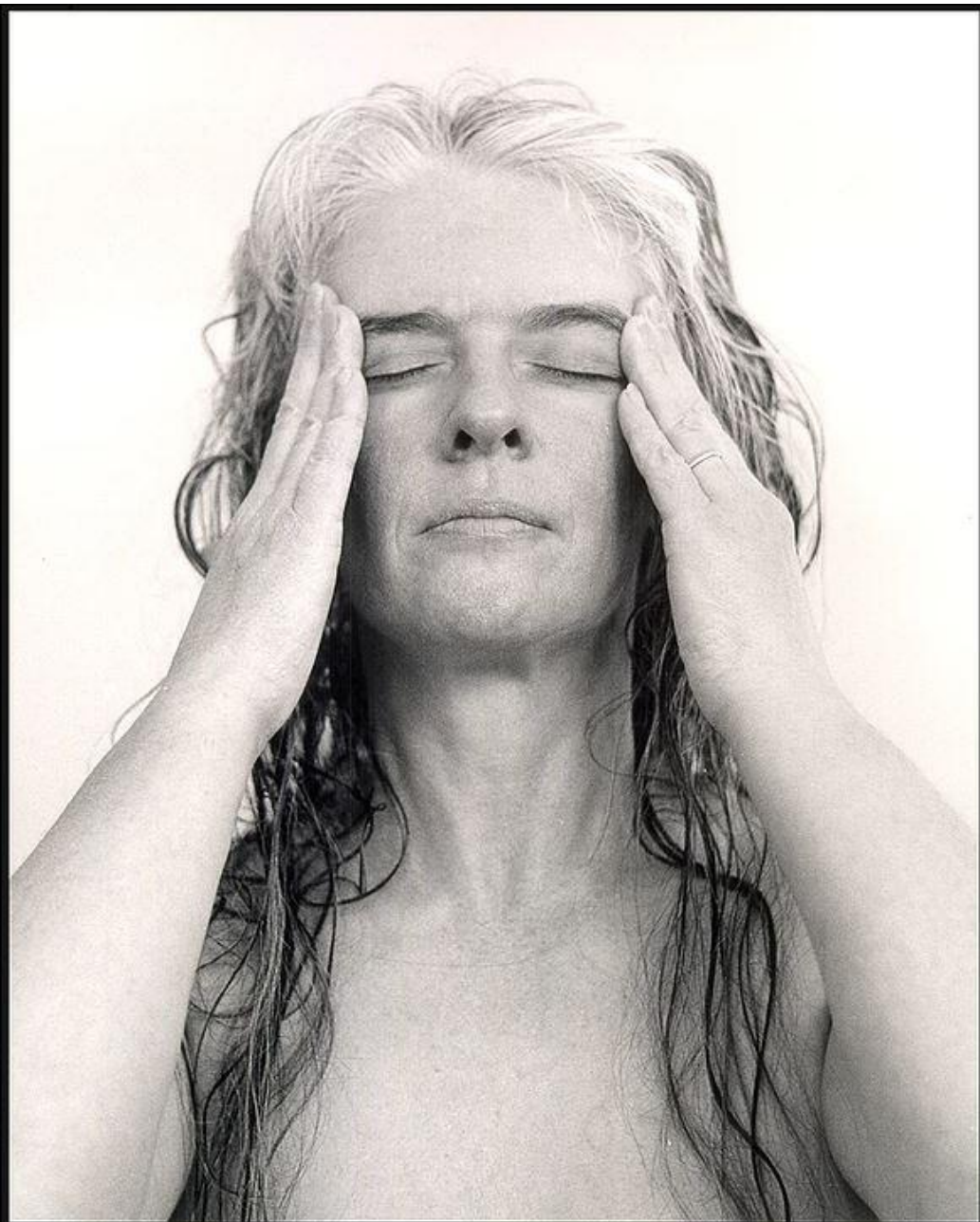
**Dek
Unu**
Magazine

Eleven

This is **Dek Unu Magazine**. In Esperanto, dek unu means "eleven." Eleven Images from a single artist. Eleven artists in eleven solo issues each year.

Dek Unu publishes the work of a new photoartist in each issue. The artist's work and words are featured alone and in individual focus as the sole purpose for each issue of the magazine. Unlike other arts and letters magazines which might look for work from a variety of artists to support an editorial staff's theme, at **Dek Unu**, theme and imagery are always each artist's own.

Dek Unu seeks challenging, complex work that focuses and intensifies perception from artists who demonstrate accomplished technical craft and mature aesthetic vision.



Jahoney

Jane [Click large image for slides / titles.](#)



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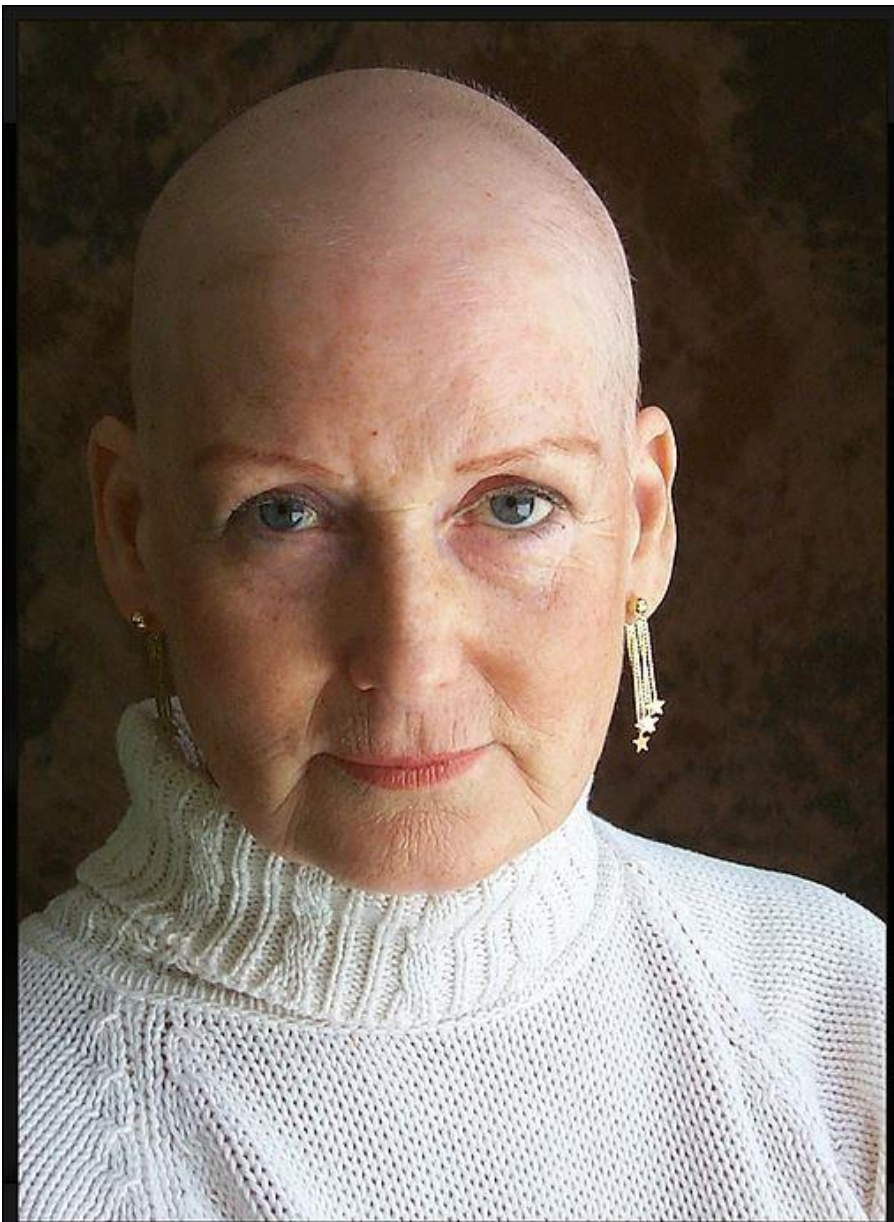
NYC 1957 [lick large image for slides / titles.](#)



Glasses - Goddard College

Portraits - Photoart by John Mahoney

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Karina - Boynton, Quebec



Michel

Stanstead, Quebec Early 90s



honey

Linda Hogan [k large image for slides / titles.](#)



Cigar Lady-Pembroke, Ontario



Brian O'Leary

Meriden, New Hampshire

Photoart by John Mahoney

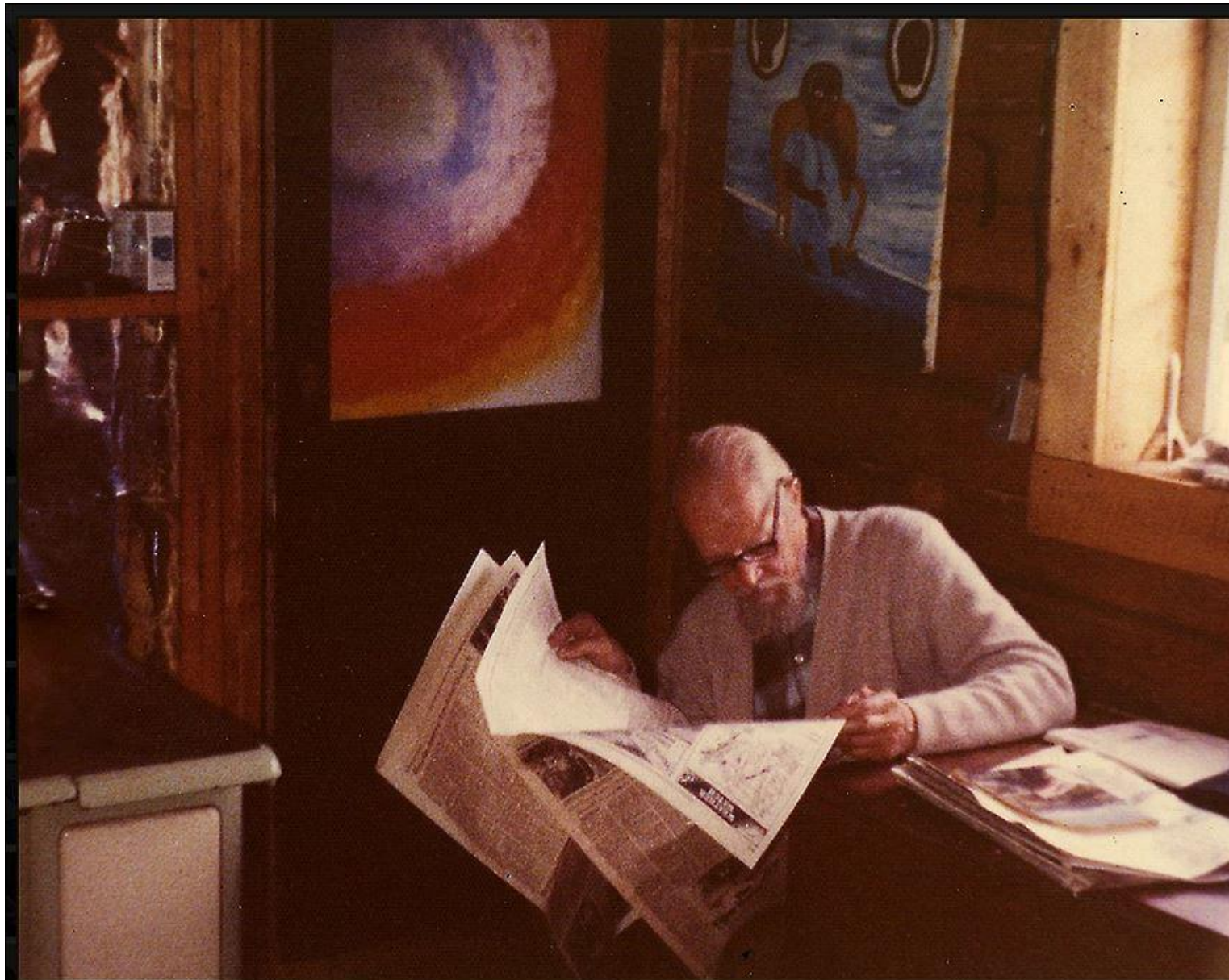
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London, England 1956

Portraits - Photoart by John Mahoney

[Click large image for slides / titles.](#)



Rixford Knight

is - Photoart by John Mahoney

Boynton, Quebec 1973

© John Mahoney delunumani@gmail.com



The Lucian Whitehills

raits - Photoart by John Mahoney

Morgan, Vermont : large image for slides / titles.

Del Uno Magazine: delunomag@gmail.com

Interview

Artist Interview - John Marquis Mahoney



John Mahoney, artist, writer, educator and publisher of the daily *Log Cabin Chronicles*, discusses more than seven decades of his real life as a photographer. To begin with....

I bought my first camera in 1943, when I was eight. It was made of black plastic and used #127 roll film.

To earn the money to buy it, I sold White Clover salve and Victory Garden Seeds door to door in my Eastside neighborhood in Newport, Vermont, on Lake Memphremagog, hard upon the Canadian border.

I loved that camera and have been a shooter since those World War 2 days...

Artist Interview - John Marquis Mahoney



Who influenced you to want to make photographs at such an early age?

My mother, Trudy Marquis Mahoney. She pretty much single handedly raised my younger brother Earl and me until the war ended and our Dad, 1st Sgt. Jerimiah Patrick Mahoney, came home.

She had worked in a photo studio when she was younger, and she always liked taking snapshots. When I showed an interest, she encouraged me.

I'm the one in the handcuffs. Mom always had a sense of humor. Earl is on the left, our friend Eugene Phaneuf is in the center. Both figure in my short story "I Dream of Jeannie."

Artist Interview - John Marquis Mahoney



Your mother eventually took off the cuffs. Then what?

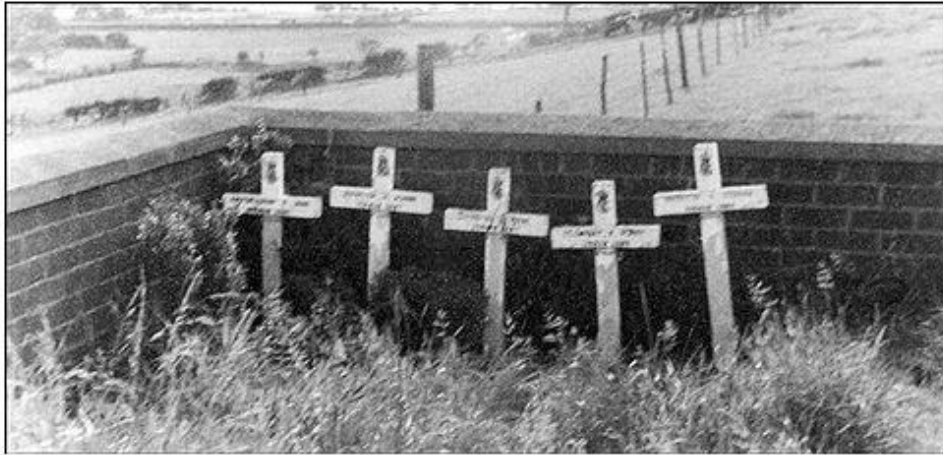
We moved to Occupied Germany in June 1948 where I immediately became obsessed with having my own Leica 35mm camera.

I had to settle for a used Adox Ardrette, offloaded by a "friend" from my dad's Air Force squadron. He used the money to buy himself a Leica.

Nice little camera, actually, but I've always hated the son of a bitch who conned my dad and screwed me out of my Leica.

Artist Interview - John Marquis Mahoney

Do any photos from those very early days still survive?



In Germany, 1949. Perhaps the graves of a German Luftwaffe crew or a Panzer crew, or an infantry patrol.

In Newport, Vermont, 1953. Pat Curran went off to university in Burlington, I joined the army and went off to France and England.



Artist Interview - John Marquis Mahoney

*So, now you had a decent camera,
how did you use it?*

I made a lot of photographs in the early 1950s but, sadly, due to several subsequent house floods and a barn visit by the neighbors' goats, few survive.

We were transferred to RAF Burtonwood near Warrington, England, in 1951, then back to the States -- Westover Air Force Base near Holyoke, MA, our "home" base.

In 1952, my brother Earl and I moved back to Vermont, to live with relatives and attend Newport High School. Earl was soon back in England and in 1953, at age 17, I graduated and enlisted in the Army for 3 years at the end of the Korean War.

I enlisted with the understanding I would be trained and serve as a combat photographer. Well, I did get the infantry combat training.

My Mom loaned me her beautiful little Retina 2C, which was stolen from my barracks at Fort Benning, GA in 1954.

I went cameraless until 1956.

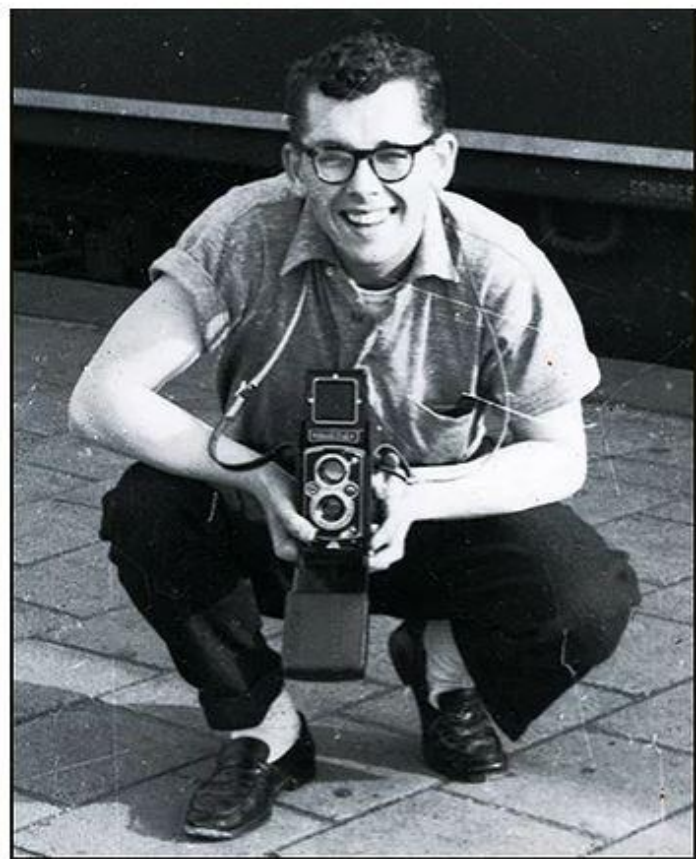


Artist Interview - John Marquis Mahoney

Tell about that Rollei you fell in love with. How did that come to pass?

I bought it in the U. S. Navy Ship's Stores in Grosvenor Square in London, England. \$125 with a hard leather case plus an extra \$10 for a Weston Master II light meter. It used the old Weston Film Speed ratings: ASA 125 was Weston 100, so you learned quickly to calculate the equivalencies. I was stationed at RAF Shellingford at the time, about 25 miles from Oxford, in the 53rd Ordnance Company of the 32nd AAA Brigade where I was chief clerk. Six of us shared a small flat in London, in West Hampsted, where we spent all our weekend and free time. (Oh, those lovely English girls in their light summer dresses -- much better duty than in Orleans, France, where I had previously served in 1955. My Dad had gone through there 10 years before, with his 709th Combat Police company on the way to help liberate Paris.) Oh, that Rollei!! Focusing and film advance handle as smooth as silk. Large focusing glass screen with fold down magnifier. Front panel of the focusing hood folded for eye-level shooting. I eventually learned to load the 120 roll film on the run in speed shooting events.

I used it as my main camera at John W. Doscher's Country School of Photography in South Woodstock, Vermont once I was discharged in September, 1956. Most everyone else used 4x5 Linhof Technicas -- Doscher had the Linhof franchise and gave students a good deal, but still way too rich this ex-GI. Eventually, I did buy a used 2x3 Speed Graphic. I was always torn between being a photojournalist out on the street and wherever the action was, or having my own



Summer 1956

My new Rollei in Denmark on final Euro Fling before being demobbed. Years later, I traded it in, along with a Contax 35mm rangefinder for a new Pentax SLR.

general studio back in Vermont. Of course, I didn't have a clue about the money thing in a new business in a small town in hard economic times. I just reckoned if you did good work, they would come...



Artist Interview - John Marquis Mahoney

Still have any of those Rollei images?

I met this street vendor in a bar in Amsterdam. He was a friend of the pretty young Lady of the Afternoon and Evening who was chatting me up, drinking my booze (and my boat passage money back to my army post in England).

For years, I did a lot of street shooting. I always tried to look my subjects in the eye, smile, and nod. If they wanted to visit, I was glad to oblige.

When teaching at Goddard College in Plainfield, Vermont some years later, I proposed a course to get my students off the campus and out into the community. It culminated in the book, published by the The Goddard Press, (which I helped create), as ***Soul of Vermont***. It was funded by the Vermont Council of the Arts, with the largest grant they ever given out at that time.

Former Governor Philip Hoff, whom I had covered extensively during my years as a reporter at the statehouse with the Vermont Press Bureau and UPI, told me his family had kept the book on their living room coffee table for a long time.



Artist Interview - John Marquis Mahoney

Well, this isn't street shooting!

This is the first photograph I made with my Rollei on the first field trip during the first week in photography school. I used an aluminum and bamboo tripod I bought for \$5 from a sergeant back at RAF Shellinford, in England.

During our periodic show and tells at the large round table in our main school classroom -- our school was in a converted barn -- I recall John Doscher, the Old Pictorialist, gushing "Ooh, this pleases me!"

Which of course pleased me all to hell.



Artist Interview - John Marquis Mahoney

And this doesn't look like rural Vermont, John...



I had two Photo Assistant jobs in New York when I finished photography school, neither of which I much enjoyed.

The first was for a large 'house' with multiple studios and a number of camera operators.

They specialized in catalog fashion photography for Sears and T. Eatons. Flat, deadly stuff. I was one of the guys who mixed gallons and gallons chemicals, loaded 8x10 film holders, changed backgrounds, moved lights around.

The last job was in a small one-man operation in a tiny penthouse studio, for a guy named Irving Bart. Not a bad guy, but not a very creative photographer. He commuted in from New Jersey in his English sports car.

I photographed this young dancer/model to provide her some images for her portfolio, and to give me some more studio experience.

So 1958 rolled around with me jobless, moneyless, and looking for work (Irv and I parted with hard feelings after I hurled a \$10 box of cookies at his head and told him to go fuck himself). I was hired in Boston as a staff photographer at Harding, Glidden -- they had a society clientele and specialized in candid work with Rolleis. Good people, great work. I learned so much from them. I loved it there.

And I soon met Jane. Eighteen months later we moved back to Vermont, where I started a studio. Soon, we had four sons, who eventually produced 10 grandchildren. Jane and I have been together now nearly 60 years. When I threw that box of photo shoot cookies at Irv, who knew?



Artist Interview - John Marquis Mahoney

What happened with your hometown studio venture?

Where did your photography trip go from there?

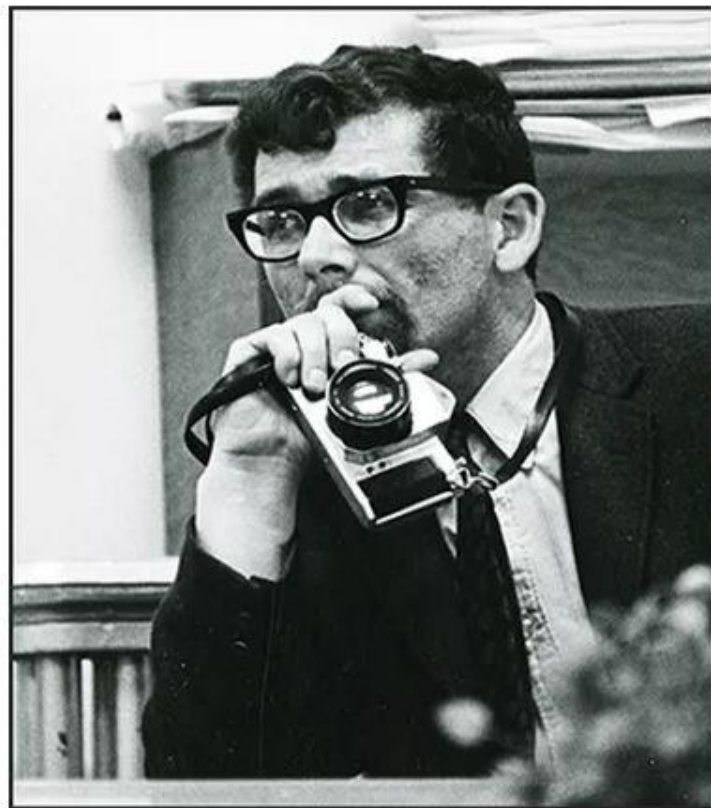
Lots of good images, many varied assignments, not enough income to support a wife, four small sons, car payments, insurance premiums, and a house mortgage obtained on the GI Bill (which is also how I afforded photography school).

I did candid weddings, children, portraits, yearbook photographs, news shots, ski wear fashion photography, product photography, underwater images, made pictures from airplanes. I even photographed the dearly departed in a funeral home so those who lived away could see what kind of send off the family had provided.

Same old story -- not enough money.

I became the Advertising Guy for the local Newport Daily Express, and also made news photographs for them (while keeping a small home studio for the odd client). Took a home study course in news writing. Got a lot of good feedback. With a friend, tried to publish a weekly tabloid-format newspaper. Good reception, not enough capital. We lost our shirts.

My pal Charlie had to leave his wife and five kids in Newport; I had to leave my family, too. He ended up in Bisbee, Arizona, as the city editor of a small paper. I was hired as State Editor of the prize-winning daily,



Valley News, in NH, where I also made a lot of photographs. Within 18 months UPI had hired me for their Vermont Statehouse Bureau; I soon was hired for the elite 3-man Vermont Press Bureau team operated by the Rutland Herald and Barre-Times Argus. And I kept making photographs while writing.



Artist Interview - John Marquis Mahoney

The '60's. Oh, wow, man?



Here's Ladybird Johnson, wife of President Lyndon Johnson, during her anti-billboard tour in Vermont, which was the first state in the nation to ban almost all billboards. During my newspapering days, I had photographed a number of prominent national politicians including President Johnson (and GOPers Nelson Rockefeller, Barry Goldwater, and blah blah blah). About my last kick at the can was covering the 1968 Democratic Platform Convention in Washington and the National Convention travesty in Chicago. Lots of tear gas, lots of police violence, not much fun. In December, I resigned and took a job at Goddard College where my life soon was decently centered on teaching photography and community journalism.



Artist Interview - John Marquis Mahoney

*You were at the top by Vermont standards at the Statehouse.
Why quit to work at an off-the-wall rural college?*

I left the grind of daily journalism because I had grown to despise the mainstream culture and politics I was writing about every day, and what I was becoming as a human being. Remember those days? The Vietnam War, the MyLai massacre, thousands of young American men fleeing to Canada. The culture wars, FBI spying, police brutality, assassinations in America. I saw it, I wrote about it, I experienced some of it personally.

I was overweight, drinking too much, smoking several packs of cigarettes a day, consuming three rolls of Tums a day -- I was on a bad path and had to get off, pronto. For my own salvation and for the sake of my wife and four sons.



When Tim Pitkin hired me as his Community Relations Officer I never intended to stay a long time. I had planned to stay just long enough to get my head together -- to evaluate where I was, and what I wanted to do now that I was in my 30s.

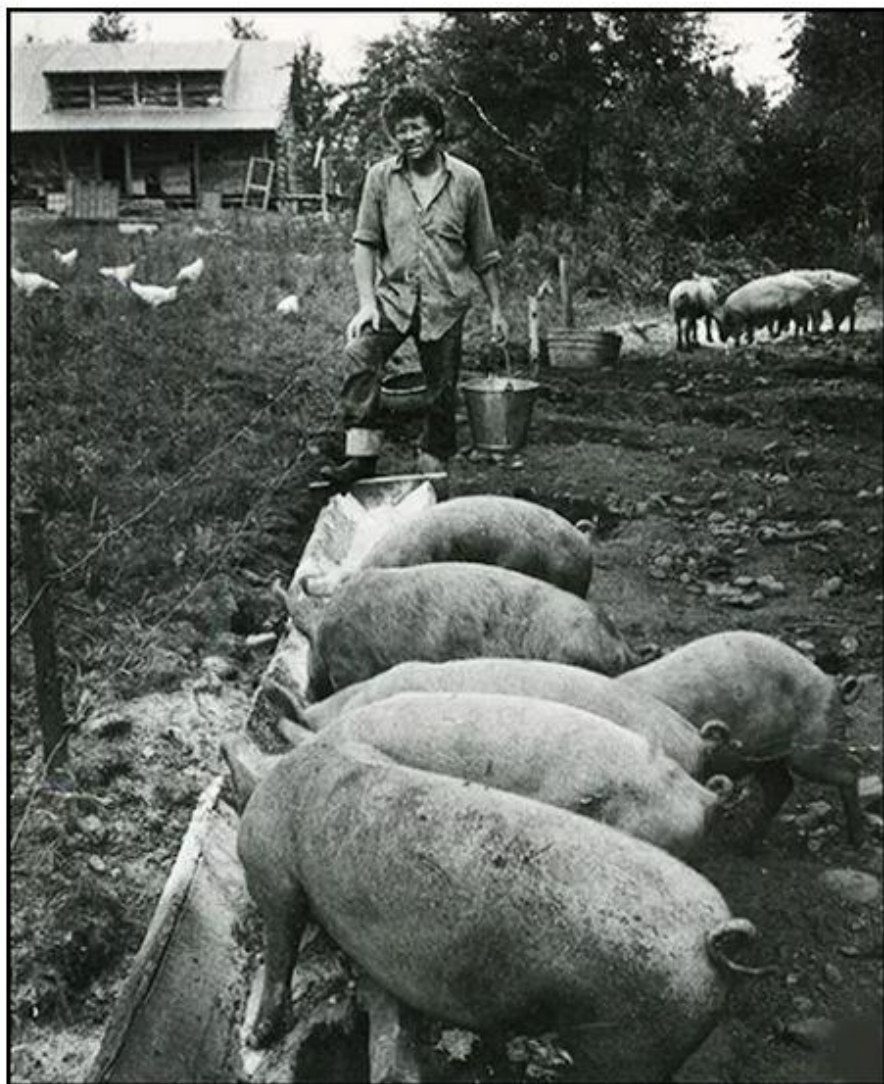
And then I was befriended by all these very smart, creative young people that life had not yet dulled and bent. I started sharing what I had learned about creative photography and community journalism. And I was introduced to Zen Buddhism and the teachings of Shunryu Suzuki Roshi by my friend and student Mark Abrams. Exciting times for me -- time for reinvention, re-youthification, and I earned my BA while there. Some of those students remain friends after nearly 50 years.

I stayed at Goddard College three and one-half years before moving to Canada to become a pig farmer.



Artist Interview - John Marquis Mahoney

Did you say "Pig Farmer?" Is that actually you? Give me a break!



Our family of six emigrated to Boynton, Quebec, in April, 1972 -- about 12 miles north of our hometown of Newport, Vermont. I cobbled together a small temporary A-frame to live in while I built the log cabin that would be our home for the next 35 years.

For the next eight years, I would make few photographs, write few serious words. My life revolved around building, raising animals, gardening, putting up enough firewood to get us through the winter. I had never milked a cow until the day I bought Lady, our first Jersey. I had never butchered an animal until I cut the throat of my first pig.

By the early 1980s I started to write once again, and to make photographs -- I converted our root cellar into a darkroom. I think it fair to say that living in the bush for a decade had begun to heal me, and I was living beside the road and trying to be a friend to all mankind.

Artist Interview - John Marquis Mahoney

So, you sold the farm and moved to Cobden, Ontario, to be nearer to 7 of your 10 grandchildren. What now?

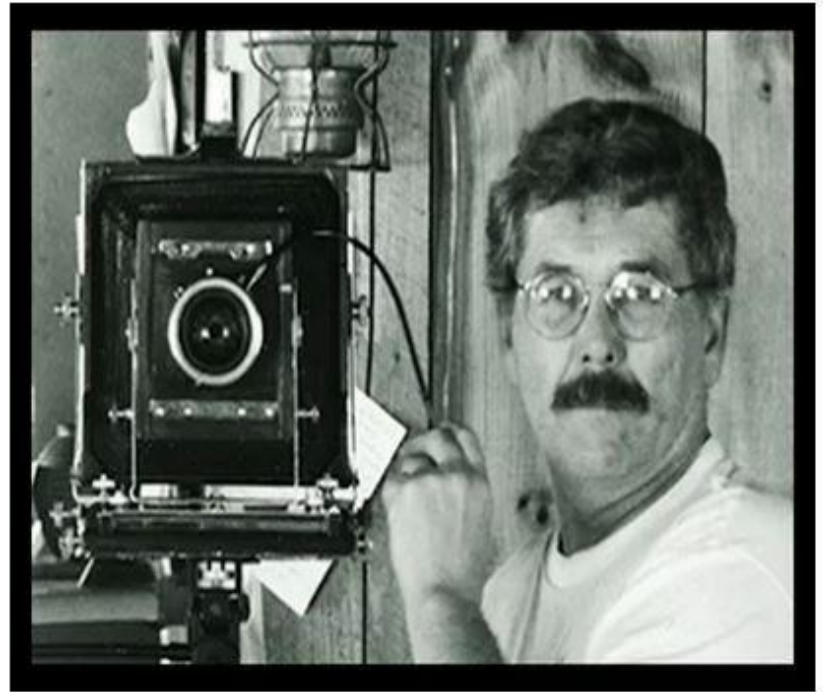
After more than 50 years of shooting analog film, from #127 rolls to 8x10 sheet film, in mid-1998 I got my hands on one of those new digital cameras -- a bulky but sweet Olympus D600 with a 3X zoom lens that could produce a full one-megapixel image.

The tech guy at Marlboro College Graduate Center in Brattleboro, Vermont, where I was working on a Master's degree in Internet Information Management, loaned me a brand new model for a week.

I was nearly 63 and it was infatuation at first image. He let me keep it for another week. I immediately ordered a compact Kodak DC220 (because of its smaller size), and bought a leather belly pack in which to carry it. We did Stonehenge together several months later, and that cemented our love affair.

I soon closed my darkroom, and have made only digital images -- thousands of them -- for nearly 20 years. Not one moment of regret.

Currently, I use a Panasonic Lumix DMC ZS50 which has a 30X zoom lens. And a belly pack. I rarely leave the house without strapping it on. I make photographs most every day and publish daily in my **Log Cabin Chronicles** (www.tomifobia.com) and on my Facebook page.



Pre-digital Selfie

Artist Interview - John Marquis Mahoney

Thanks, John, for sharing the details of your long strange trip. Any words of wisdom? Maybe a parting shot?



John Mahoney, age 82
With Native American-style flute he made from the stalk
of a sunflower that he planted. He also makes/plays
Japanese shakuhachi flutes.

I have two photography rules:

- 1.) Be There.
- 2.) Be Packing.

And two thoughts I try to live by:

- 1.) Today I know nothing.
- 2.) Tomorrow, even less.

As the Lakota people believe: "Search for yourself, by yourself. Do not allow others to make your path for you. It is your road, and yours alone. Others may walk it with you, but no one can walk it for you. "



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